BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 09822 405 6

No. 2391.60


THE TRUSTEES OF THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY
OMNIVM
LVX
CIVIVM
OF THE CITY OF
BOSTON
1852 1878

CAUTION

Do not write in this book or mark it with pen or pencil. Penalties are imposed by the Revised Laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Chapter 208, Section 83.

B.P.L. FORM NO. 609; 2.11.31; 500M.

HUBERT AND ELLEN.

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

PUBLIC LIBRARY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

THE TRIAL OF THE HARP...BILLOWY WATER...THE PLUNDERER'S GRAVE...
THE TEAR-DROP....THE BILLOW.

BY

2391.60

LUCIUS M. SARGENT.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY CHESTER STEBBINS.
1813.

PUBLIC LIBRARY
OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

Quarto ed

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT:

District Clerk's Office.

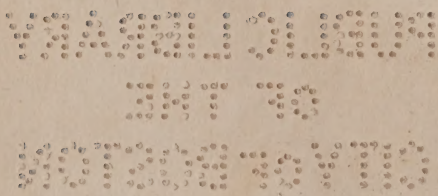
BE it remembered, that on the seventh day of November, A. D. 1812, and in the thirty-seventh year of the Independence of the United States of America, *Chester Stebbins*, of the said District, has deposited in this Office the Title of a Book, the Right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, *to wit*—"HUBERT AND ELLEN. With other Poems. The Trial of the Harp....Billowy Water....The Plunderer's Grave....The Tear-Drop....The Billow. By *Lucius M. Sargent*."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an Act, entitled, "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical, and other prints."

WM. S. SHAW,

Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

BH
396, 512
Apr. 11, 1884



DEDICATION.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BROTHER.

Shade of my brother dear!
Oft, at the silent close of summer day,
Mem'ry does bring thee near;
And often have I sought that hour, to pay
The tribute of my tear.

For, if time's various tide does roll
One hour, which, o'er thy gentle soul,
Could reign, with more of magick pow'r,
Than ev'ry hour beside,
It was that sweet, that musing hour
Of summer's eventide.

Not emulous, our friendly skiffs pursu'd
The track of life, down childhood's bubbling tide;
And pass'd the flood of boyhood, wild and rude,
Like partners in the voyage, side by side;
But, scarce the rapids of our youth were pass'd,
Scarce op'd before us manhood's ocean wide,
Ere thy fair vessel yielded to the blast.

Though Heaven to both did equal love impart,
Yet greater gifts were thine, and happier doom,
A riper genius, and a purer heart,
A life more virtuous, and an earlier tomb.

Oft gentle mem'ry's hand pourtrays
A thousand scenes of early days;
Of boyhood's walks, and shady bowers;
And youthful sports, and satchel'd hours;
And task forgot, and winter night,
Wasted, o'er tale and legend light,

Till ev'ry blast, we chanc'd to hear,
Did seem to bring the giant near.

Full oft a tear-drop mem'ry borrows,
When, thus her magick hand displays
Such simple scenes of former days;
And yet that tear-drop is not sorrow's:
For tears, that flow at sorrow's call,
Are always felt, before they fall.
But here, when mem'ry brings to view
Dear early scenes, for ever gone,
The heart scarce feels how strong, how true
The lines by mem'ry's hand are drawn,
Before, unknown, the tear does part,
In tribute fair to mem'ry's art.
And scarce it parts, from nature's store,
Before it steals the eyelid o'er;
And scarce an instant there does stand,
Before it trembles on the hand.

Thy meteor lamp of poesy,
That shone with gairish ray,
Did lure my heart to follow thee,
Mid fancy's airy way.
There have I pass'd my happiest hours,
Entwining fancy's fairy flow'rs.
And thus I now have wreath'd for thee
These simple flow'rs, in garland wild,
This chaplet of my posey ;
For thou wert fancy's dearest child.....

Brother ! to thee, if it were given,
To leave awhile thy rest in Heaven ;
If thou couldst weep, thy gentle tear
Would steal, of Hubert's fate to hear ;
And pity sure would dim thine eye,
At Ellen's love and constancy.
For ne'er a theme thy heart could move,
Like gentle woman's constant love.

And sure to thee did Heav'n impart
No fickle no inconstant heart.

Dear Spirit! I have heard thee say,
"If cruel fate should bear away
Her, who alone my heart can sway,
Oh! could that heart again be gay?
And could I ever, ever bear
To part this braid of auburn hair?
Though cold her little hands, that made
And fasten'd here this auburn braid,
Her heart, in Heaven, would love me still!
And so, on earth, my heart should prove
Its tender and its lasting love;
Until, with me, this little braid,
Beside her, in the grave were laid.
For, when in death my limbs grew chill,
Sure, none could be of heart unkind,
Sure, none, to constant love so blind,

Whose cruel hand would rudely tear
Away this braid of auburn hair !"....

Shade of my brother dear !
Oh ! if the chaplet, I have twin'd,
Be not unworthy bard like thee,
Then let me dream thee near ;
And, round thy brows, in fancy, bind
These wild flow'rs of my poesy !

And, if the world severe
Do scorn my flow'rets, till they fade,
And blast the garland I have made ;
Yet still to thee, in thought, my soul
Shall rise, above the world's control.
And oft, at close of summer day,
My heart shall fondly seek to pay
The tribute of its tear.

HUBERT AND ELLEN.

HUBERT AND ELLEN.

THIS poem commences with the address of an old man to a stranger, who is supposed to be gazing at a maniack, reclining upon a grave, near which the old man is standing.

WANDERER, stay!
If your gentle heart would know
Who, beneath the lonely willow,
Makes the simple stone his pillow,
And turns, by fits, from deepest wo,
To laughter gay.

Wand'rer, though, upon his brow,
Sad despair, and sorrow now,

And fitful grief, and laughter wild
Mark him distraction's dearest child;
And hair and beard, uncouth and long,
Have done his manly features wrong;
Yet ev'ry deepen'd furrow there
Is less the mark of age than care:
And oft he holds his visage high,
And oft his dark and fever'd eye,
The quick'ning fire of youth betrays,
And lofty glance of better days.

But chance you would not deign, to hear
Sad pity's gentle tale;
For here no knight, with targe and spear,
Rides, clad in battle mail.
Nor lady bright, of high degree,
Is seen in stately tow'r;
Nor lordly suitor bows the knee
To courtly damsel, fair and free,
Well met, in sylvan bow'r.

And chance to you the world is dear,
So dear, you have no hour for sorrow;
To heave a sigh, to shed a tear,
For other's wo:
And, if your thoughts are all for morrow,
For worldly good, for worldly gear,
'Twere shame, that you the tale should hear;
Go, wand'rer, go....

Yet stay, and first forgive the wrong,
Of speech unkind and sland'rous tongue;
For pride is high, upon your cheek,
The dew is in your eye,
To hear poor crazy Hubert shriek,
With shrill and piercing cry.

And now your tears more freely pour,
While, gazing wildly, o'er the stone,
He marks the letters, one by one,
And counts them slowly, o'er and o'er

And laughs, by fits, and cries,
And mutters to himself alone,
"Here little Ellen lies."

Ah! gentle wand'rer, 'tis a dreary sight,
When all the world is hush'd in stillest night,
To see poor Hubert steal to Ellen's grave;
And read the tablet, by the moon's pale light,
And utter senseless pray'r, and wildly rave,
And wring his hands, and shriek, with piercing cry,
And start, to hear the owlet's shrill reply.

Five summers now have pass'd away,
Since Ellen slept, beneath the willow;
Five summers now have shed their ray,
Since wretched Hubert, night and day,
Has made the simple stone his pillow;
Reckless of summer's heat and winter's cold.
And pitying neighbours oft the tale have told,

How, when the maniack's life to save,
They sought the wretch, at Ellen's grave,
They found him, on the tablet low,
Brushing away the falling snow.

Some story of the hapless pair
Is told by ev'ry villager;
Enough to raise the childish fear,
The boorish laugh, the thoughtless jeer,
And gentle maiden's pitying tear.
And oft 'tis told, by tattling dame,
When Hubert to the village came,
And when the lovely Ellen died,
Who lies, upon the willow's side;
And how he plac'd the tablet stone,
O'er Ellen's grave, with tender care;
And how his heart would swell,
When oft he sought the spot, alone,
And scatter'd rose and lily there.
And how, when sorrow turn'd his brain,

He lost his gallant air and mien.
And many other tales beside,
Of Hubert and his hapless bride,
The village dame will tell.

And some there are,
Who say, that Hubert, on the even,
Close by her bed, when Ellen died,
Knelt down, and, weeping, at her side,
Mutter'd short pray'r;
So low, it scarcely could be heard;
But, here and there, a louder word
Was of himself, and crimes, and Heaven,
Of Ellen, and of sins forgiven.
And how, at last, in whisper small,
Ellen, with tears, forgave him all.

But it has never been denied,
That, like a lover true,
For days and nights, at Ellen's side,

Hubert gaz'd, o'er her features pale;
And, when her spirits seem'd to fail,
Her hand more closely drew;
And, when, at last, poor Ellen died,
Though still he gaz'd, and sadly sighed,
'Tis said, no tear was seen to flow;
But, on his wan and haggard brow,
There was so strange and wild a stare,
That none a second look could bear.

But the sad story, save to me,
Is veil'd, in deepest mystery.

Poor, crazy Hubert knows me not!
And, by that wild, unconscious gaze,
He tells me not of former days;
Naught lingers of remembrance there:
The frantick look, the vacant stare
Show, that my features are forgot.

Yet, gentle wand'rer, well I know,
This wretch, who looks, so mean and low,
Before his senses fail'd him aught,
Ne'er turn'd his back, on friend or foe.
And, though it strange may seem to thee,
Ne'er liv'd more gallant youth than he,
To wield a sword, to rein a steed,
In bold assault, or gentle deed.
A heart more kind, a hand more free
Ne'er op'd, in friendship's need.

He was my friend....but, stranger, say,
Why gaze, upon my locks of grey,
My humble garb, my lowly mien,
And oaken staff, on which I lean?
Though I am old, I cannot brook
That curious glance and doubting look.
I said, that Hubert was my friend:
Think you my boastful words intend,

That I was gallant Hubert's peer,
When his were honours, wealth, and gear?
No, stranger, wrong me not, in thought,
Nor will old Edwy tell you aught,
That is, in tittle, less sincere,
Than this is crazy Hubert here....
But my poor knees are weak and old,
Beneath the neighb'ring elm, 'tis meet,
To seek the cool sequester'd seat,
Where better may the tale be told....

Hubert was once as dear to me,
As child, upon a father's knee;
For, many a long and tedious year,
Beyond the waters wild,
I serv'd his cruel sire, with fear,
And learn'd to love the child.

And, when to manly years he came,
My love for Hubert was the same.

And, when, because he long withstood
His father's will, nor gave his hand,
Against his heart, for lady's land,
His cruel sire, in stubborn mood,
On hapless Hubert clos'd his door,
And robb'd of all his hopes ; be sure,
Old Edwy's heart could ill endure
Such cruel fate, but lov'd him more.
It was an heavy time indeed,
Such sad mishap to know ;
For then his wretched heart did bleed,
For hapless Ellen's wo :
And sorrow clouded o'er his brow,
And sad repentant tears did flow.

For, though he was as fair, and free,
And kind, as gallant youth could be,
In all beside, and ne'er delay'd
His hand, when pity claim'd his aid ;
Yet, on his soul, a fatal blot

Is deeply died, so dark a stain
Shall long, with Hubert's name, remain,
When wretched Ellen is forgot :
Recorded, in the page of Heaven,
Never, perhaps, to be forgiven.

Ah ! wand'rer, strangely would it seem,
That all his senses wildly ran,
When tender maiden was his theme.
Then Hubert seem'd an alter'd man ;
Light was his mood, as morning dream.
High his heart would beat, in pleasure,
Careless of the tears of morrow ;
Lightly would he seize the treasure,
Reckless of a maiden's sorrow.

And oft, upon the modest eye,
Hubert would bend his eye of blue,
And talk of love, and seem so true,
In ev'ry word, in ev'ry sigh ;

That simple maiden never dream'd,
That Hubert false would prove.
And, if, upon his features fair,
She look'd, for wily falsehood there,
Such glance that maiden well might rue,
On face, that beam'd so fair and true ;
Where ev'ry look so gently seem'd
To tell, of naught but love.

For, though his bold and piercing eye,
And gallant form, and bearing high,
And haughty look, and dark'ning glance,
That stay'd half way the rude advance,
Made those, who knew him not, conclude,
That love was ne'er for Hubert's mood ;
Yet none more suply bow'd the knee,
And none could heave more tender sigh,
And none more kindly glanc'd an eye,
On gentle lady fair, than he.

Then simple maid would sure believe,
That Hubert's smile could ne'er deceive;
Till, in some sad and lone retreat,
With tears, and sighs, and wan despair,
And naught of love and Hubert there,
The wretch would seek sequester'd seat,
And mourn, unheard, her sorrows o'er:
Till tears, at length, would cease to flow,
And sighs would yield to silent wo;
And then, with fainting look and wild,
Clasp to her breast her naked child,
And close her eyes, to weep no more....

Time fast has flown, since Ellen smil'd,
Where, in a vale, beside the wood,
Old Edgar's lonely cottage stood;
Poor, widow'd Mary's only child.
For Edgar never liv'd to know,
Of Ellen's hapless doom;
And, ere the days of Ellen's wo,

Thrice had the summer flow'ret grown,
And thrice cold winter's blast had blown,
On Edgar's lowly tomb.

Amid the valley lone,
Where foot of mortal seldom came,
Liv'd Ellen and the aged dame,
In solitude, unknown.
And, when old Edgar droop'd and died,
Poor Mary's wants were still supplied,
By tender Ellen's care.

At early dawn, her little feet
The dew, from off the pathway, beat,
And water, from the brook, she drew :
And oft she pluck'd the flow'r, that grew,
Upon the margin fair ;
And, still while poor old Mary slept,
Smiling, towards her pillow crept,
And gently plac'd it there.

Then silent would she watch, the while,
Her fond surprise and wak'ning smile.

Next, with kind look and willing haste,
She brought her mother's slight repast.
Then, o'er her neck, her kerchief threw;
Full well the signal Carlo knew,
And, to the door, impatient, flew.

Oft did he cast alternate look,
From Ellen, to the little nook,
Where high the birchen basket hung,
Ere, from its place, she gaily took,
And, careless, on her finger, swung.

And, o'er her auburn gay,
Before she had her gipsy tied,
That did, at best, but poorly hide
Her fairy face and floating pride;

His frequent bark would loudly chide
Her ling'ring step's delay.

Scarce, on the string, she plac'd her hand,
Ere Carlo would, in silence, stand,
With forward head, and upward ear,
The sound of lifting latch to hear;
And body back, and foot before,
And eye, intent, upon the door.
And Ellen scarce the bobbin drew,
Ere, o'er the threshold, Carlo flew,
And swiftly shot along the lawn,
With eagle's speed; nor had she more
Than dropp'd the latch, and clos'd the door,
Ere Carlo, down the hill, had gone.
And, scarce she left the threshold stone,
Ere he had swam the brook below,
And climb'd the cliff, and, on its brow,
Paus'd, and look'd back, on Ellen's way,

Shook, from his locks, the water spray,
And bark'd again, to chide delay.

And, when, with lily foot, unshod,
Across the shallow brook, she trod,
Again he sped, for then he knew
The path, that Ellen would pursue.
And, when she gain'd the ridge's height,
Carlo was fairly out of sight.

And thus, with health and sweet content,
Fair Ellen pass'd her early hours,
Nor yet e'er op'd her eyes, on sorrow;
Save once, but long those tears had dried;
'Twas, when her father, Edgar, died.

And thus, with basket at her side,
Carlo and little Ellen went,
In search of herbs, and fruits, and flow'rs;

And, homeward, with the little store,
At even, sought the cottage door.
Then, to the village, on the morrow,
Carlo and little Ellen came,
And sold them, to the village dame.

With slower step, then Carlo trod,
And proudly sought the village road;
For well he constru'd, what did mean
The decent plaid and bonnet green.

It was a pleasant thing, to see
Ellen, at even, merrily,
When length'ning shadows, o'er the lea,
Call'd home the ploughman wearily;
Tripping, with lightsome steps, along,
While, half untied, her bonnet hung;
And Carlo, marching close before,
With lifted head, the basket bore.

And truly it was fair, to see
Old Mary's kind and greeting smile,
That more than paid for Ellen's toil.
And, when her little gains she show'd,
And laid, upon her mother's knee,
And, smiling, said, " 'tis all for thee ;"
The tear, down Mary's cheek, that flow'd,
To Ellen's heart was far more dear,
Than worlds of wealth and costly gear.

Oft have I seen fair Ellen come,
With Carlo, to the cottage home ;
For oft did Hubert speed me there.
And Mary oft would turn aside,
And wipe away the trickling tear,
Then would she say, that I must bear
Kind thanks, for gentle Hubert's cheer ;
And tell him, that, at eventide,
Ellen, her little bed beside,
Would clasp her hands, for him, in pray'r ;

While Ellen, with a smile, replied,
To all his greeting fair.

Ah! nothing did I know, of all,
That little Ellen would befall.
For, when, with kindly seeming care,
Hubert would often send me there,
His words were all so mild and fair,
That, in his look, I could not read
Of aught, but poor, old Mary's need.

And, when, at first, he told the tale,
Of Mary's cottage, in the vale,
He pass'd the matter lightly o'er;
How, in the glade, some days before,
Fatigu'd, with vain pursuit of game,
He haply to the cottage came.
Then did he kindly bid me go,
Of poor, old Mary's health to know;
And, if I saw a maiden there,

With hazel eye and auburn hair,
From him, to speak the damsel fair.

Yet, in his face, that beam'd, the while,
Was naught, but pity's gentle smile.

Thus time had swiftly pass'd away,
Since first my feet, at close of day,
Rested, in Mary's humble vale;
And after, oft, at even, trod,
Along the wonted village road,
And down the lonely dale;
Whene'er, in seeming pity's need,
Hubert would bid me thither speed.

At length, less eager Hubert seem'd,
Of poor, old Mary's weal to know;
And scarce, at last, he lent an ear,
Of all her gentle speech to hear.
And, when I told of Mary's tear,

No smile, upon his face, there beam'd,
But more of sadness rested there.

And, when, as Mary bade me bear,
I said, that oft, at eventide,
Ellen, her little bed beside,
Would clasp her hands, for him, in pray'r;
There came a cloud, upon his brow,
Bursting, in drops of heaviest wo.
I marvell'd much, but understood
No cause, for Hubert's changing mood.

Yet more he never bade me go,
To Mary's humble cot;
And long neglect did plainly show,
That poor, old Mary was forgot.
And, when.....but, stranger, gently bear
The weakness of an old man's tear:
It is the tribute, mem'ry pays,
To scenes of youth and happier days.

Gentle stranger, have you never,
Musing, upon your lonely pillow,
Given a sweet, a silent hour,
To mem'ry dear?
Whose living wand, with magick pow'r,
Can bring, so near,
Your native land, beyond the billow;
And show, so clear,
Dear early scenes, that time would sever;
And paint the friend, now sunk forever,
With hand, so true,
That long lost friend, and distant home,
And scenes of youth before you come,
In present view?

If such an hour you never knew,
Ah, then indeed you ne'er can know,
Why, down my cheek, this tear does flow,
When, on my mem'ry rushing, come

Dear thoughts of Mary's humble home.
The peaceful look, the greeting smile,
The brook, and hill, and hawthorn green,
That grew, beside the lowly cell,
And Ellen's gentle voice, and mien
My poor old heart with sorrow swell,
And of its kindest tears beguile.

Oh! could I see that smile once more,
And Ellen, at the cottage door,
And crazy Hubert's madness o'er;
Old Edwy then would gladly die,
While tears bedew'd his closing eye.....

Stranger, forgive me, for the wrong,
My heart has been indulg'd too long.
But now my tears are o'er;
And now my voice again is strong,
And I will tell you more.

I said, that Hubert ne'er again
Spake more, of Mary's humble cot.
Yet did my fondness still remain;
For, I had been so often there,
Ere the chill blast and winter wild
Had laid the little woodland bare,
That I had often wish'd to know,
How look'd the hawthorn, 'neath the snow.
And Ellen seem'd to me a child,
For she was very kind to me,
And oft she sat, upon my knee;
And then her looks were all so mild,
When, on my poor old face, she smil'd.

Yet the slight hint did always fail,
Which oft I tried, on Hubert's ear;
Thinking his kind, returning care
Again would bid me seek the vale.
And when, at last, my words were bold,
Of long neglect, and winter's cold,

And Mary, feeble, poor, and old ;
No pleasure, in his eye, did seem,
And soon he sought for lighter theme ;
And briskly turn'd my suit away,
Bidding me wait some future day.

At length, my feet, unbidden, trod
Once more, toward the little wood,
Where Mary's simple cottage stood.
Musing, along the lonely road,
On Hubert's strange and alter'd mood.

And, though 'twere marvel all to me,
And long neglect, and alter'd look,
And ear, unwilling, when I spoke
Of Mary, argu'd mystery ;
Yet, if my wav'ring, light surmise
Did rest, on Ellen's hazel eyes,
And lovely face, and auburn hair,
It scarce an instant rested there.

As weary falcon rests his feet,
On branch, too feeble, for his weight;
And, scarcely cow'rs his wing to light,
Ere he again has ta'en his flight.

Full in my mind, came ev'ry word,
That Hubert said of Mary's need;
Mention of Ellen, seldom heard;
And fresh his smile of pity came;
And his kind heart and gen'rous deed
Put all my sland'rous thoughts to shame.

And thus my thoughts beguil'd the way,
Till deep'ning shades of ev'ning grey
Had fled, before the gloom of night.
And, distant now, the glimm'ring ray,
From Mary's cottage, shone;
It cheer'd my heart, my steps, more light,
Pass'd, o'er the valley lone;

And now they climb'd the little hill,
And gain'd the threshold stone....

My heart misgave; that sudden chill,
That ran my brow so swiftly o'er,
When first I op'd the cottage door,
Came, like the harbinger of wo.
And Carlo, on the cottage floor,
Crouching, in seeming sorrow, low,
Whose eager bark was wont, before,
To charge me briskly, at the door,
Did half confirm my fears of ill.

With rapid turn, mine eyes survey'd
The cottage o'er, and then, with care,
Search'd ev'ry nook, for Ellen, round;
Scarce glance at Mary once they made.
Expectant, still my willing ear
Listen'd, the welcome voice to hear.

In vain, I waited for the sound,
In vain, I sought for Ellen there.

And when, with eager glance, at first,
On Mary's eyes, my own were bent,
Her look my very heart did burst,
For pity, to my soul it went.
On face of flesh and blood, I ween,
Such look before was never seen.

Though I have mark'd the sorrow flow,
Down the pale cheek of sad dismay;
Such calm despair, such silent wo,
As reign'd, o'er ev'ry feature then,
Though, in my mind, I see it now,
Sure I shall never see agen,
In mortal sight, on mortal brow.
Such piteous look will surely go,
With mem'ry, to my dying day;
For then it seem'd, in sorrow's need,

As if her very soul would part.
Such look would tame the blackest heart,
That ever thought revengeful deed ;
'Twould make the wretch his crimes repent ;
'Twould blind the murd'rer's dark'ning eye,
In purpose bent, and make the brand
Fall, sudden, from his nerveless hand.
'Twould make the robber's heart relent ;
And urge the miser's pitying sigh.

Half utter'd was the word, that hung,
At first, upon my trembling tongue ;
And quiv'ring lip and swelling heart
Soon bade me, from my purpose, part ;
For Mary's features shew'd me there
More grief, than Edwy well might bear.

Her eyes, upon the floor, were bent,
Forward, from age, her body leant ;
Her arms, upon her lap, repos'd,

Her wither'd hands, in grief, were clos'd;
Her forehead, checker'd o'er, with cares,
Bore furrows deep and silver hairs:
And, all the while, in silent wo,
Down her old face, where bitter tears
Had left the lines of former years,
Big drops of heavy grief did flow.

And now her streaming eyes, to Heaven
Raising, she fix'd a moment there;
Lifting her hands, still join'd, in pray'r,
As if she felt an instant then,
Some feeble ray of hope were given.
And now her hands were fall'n agen;
And now, again dejected low,
Her eyes sent forth their streams of wo,
As if her last faint hope were riven,
And naught remain'd, but sure despair.

And oft her sadly piercing look
Came to my soul, with sharp rebuke.
Mine eyes some rig'rous meaning read,
When thus she turn'd her glance on me;
She rais'd her hands, and wav'd her head,
And sighed, and wept most bitterly.

Then was I fain the more, to know
The cause of poor, old Mary's wo.
For, on my cheek, though ready pride,
At once, th' ungen'rous charge denied,
Yet, when I found my colour came,
I fear'd 'twould look, like guilt and shame;
And, with my passing thought, the more
This fancy spread the crimson o'er.

At length, my feelings forc'd their way;
But, when my fearful question came,
And when I mention'd Ellen's name,

Such sorrow trembled through her frame,
I thought it was her dying day.
She sobb'd aloud, her hands she wrung,
And, on her knees, she feebly fell;
Her wither'd arms around me flung,
And then besought, that I would tell,
Where was her dear, her only child.

And then, with piteous look, she smil'd,
And faintly clasp'd my knees, and said,
Her blessing should be on my head,
If her last wish were not denied,
To see her once, before she died.

And, though, by all my hopes in Heaven,
Of life to come, and sins forgiven,
I said, till then, I ne'er had known,
That Ellen, from the cot, had gone,
And poor, old Mary wept alone;
Yet, though I said it often o'er,

She sighed, and shook her head the more;
And scarcely lent a list'ning ear,
One word of all my vows to hear;
Till tears, at Mary's grief, that fell,
Down Edwy's cheek, did surely tell,
His heart, for others' woes, could feel,
And naught he knew, but Ellen's weal.

And when, at last, the frequent tear
Shew'd, that my words were all sincere;
And Mary fain would tell the tale,
Her feeble voice did often fail:
And of the story many a word
Was lost, or indistinctly heard;
For, ere her heart could tell me all,
Her sobs were deep, her voice was small,
And fast the bitter tears did fall.

She said, it was a month before,
When Ellen bent her steps away;

Dress'd, in her plaid and bonnet gay,
To visit, on the neighb'ring moor,
At Agnes' cot, the hill beside.
And, when old Mary bade her sure
Return, before the close of day,
Ellen, with feeble voice, replied,
She should be home, at eventide.
And, when she spake, though Mary heard
Her feeble voice and fault'ring word;
And plainly mark'd she trembled o'er,
While standing, at the cottage door;
The winter air was cold and chill,
And Ellen had, of late, been ill,
And Mary thought of naught beside.

But, when she cross'd the frozen brook,
While Mary, through the casement, spied,
Oft Ellen stopp'd, and, turning, gaz'd,
Backward, toward the little hill;
And, while she cast her ling'ring look,

It seem'd at first, as if she cried,
For oft her kerchief then she rais'd;
But piercing was the winter air,
Which Ellen's eyes could poorly bear.

Now swiftly pass'd the hours away:
Deep, in the west, the parting sun
Mark'd the short race of winter day;
Its fleeting gold no longer shone
On little hill, and cottage lone;
Its fading lustre, faintly seen,
Danc'd, o'er the pine's perennial green;
Short while, its gaudy colour now
Flounc'd round the mountain's win'try brow:
And, while the last fantastick ray
Curl'd, o'er its cap of drifted snow,
'Twas ev'ning, in the vale below.

No longer Mary's sharpest ken
Saw little hill, or neighb'ring glen.

And oft she op'd the cottage door;
And oft she held her breath, to hear
Ellen or Carlo, on the hill;
And now it seem'd, as they were near;
And Carlo, when the wind was strong,
Seem'd coming, with the blast, along;
And now again 'twas sunken low;
And now its breath did cease, to blow
The brake, along the crusted snow:
And now its lightest whisper, still,
No sound remain'd, on Mary's ear.

At length, with weariness oppress'd,
And thinking Ellen, on the moor,
At Agnes' cot, would pass the night,
And speed her home, at morning light,
Old Mary laid her limbs to rest....

Broad day, upon the cottage, shown,
Ere Mary woke; and, scarce she mourn'd,

That Ellen yet had not return'd,
When, by the wonted bark, 'twas known,
Carlo was on the threshold stone.

Quickly she rose, and op'd the door,
Her lips half said the greeting fair,
Forward she reach'd her welcome hand.....
Then fail'd her heart, she scarce could stand,
The little Ellen was not there;
And Carlo had return'd alone.

Slowly he pass'd the threshold o'er;
And lagging step and panting tongue
Spake weary limbs, and journey long.
No track, upon the morning snow,
The print of Ellen's foot did show.
Old Mary look'd, towards the moor,
But naught of Ellen she discern'd;
At length, with heavy heart, she turn'd,
And slowly clos'd the cottage door.

Full fast were gath'ring Mary's fears,
And doubts, upon her mind, did crowd.
And now she thought of Ellen's tears,
Which, 'neath the hawthorn, once she spied,
And Ellen strove, in vain, to hide;
And how, upon her little bed,
When e'er, of late, her pray'rs she said,
Ellen had often sobb'd aloud.

And now old Mary's mind was bent,
To seek for Ellen, on the moor.
Her sad repast, in haste she made,
And scarce the besom, ere she went,
Pass'd lightly, round the cottage floor:
Her humble couch she loosely spread....
Then trembled Mary's feeble frame,
Cold dew, upon forehead, came,
When first she turn'd her pillow o'er;
For none, but Ellen, there had laid
The purse, that Mary's hands had made.

Full many years before,
The token Mary's self had given
To Ellen, on a Christmas even.

It was a gift, for mem'ry dear,
And, only once, in ev'ry year,
Ellen this treasure wore;
When merry Christmas eve came round,
And holly deck'd the cottage fair;
And Agnes, Ann, and Constance there
Partook, of Ellen's welcome cheer;
Or forward bent, with ear profound,
Old Mary's wond'rous tale to hear;
Of wizard's might, and giant's brand,
And legend fair, of fairy land.

But now, for sorrow's heavy swell,
And tears, like floods of rain, that fell,
No more the tale could Mary tell.
But, from its place, the purse she took,

And, while, upon my hand, she laid,
Though naught she spake, yet, in her look,
Her very soul might well be read.

My trembling fingers scarce unbound
The silken string, that tied it round.

Ah, wand'rer! sure, I need not tell
What sorrow, from mine eyes, there fell,
When, glancing down, they wander'd there,
O'er purse, and gold, and trinkets fair;
And, how my brow was damp and cold,
When first they fix'd their eager gaze,
Upon the little em'rald's rays,
Which Hubert's finger us'd to wear.

And how my heart strings, weak and old,
Their struggling pris'ner scarce could hold,
When, last of all, I ponder'd, o'er
The tale of grief, that Ellen told.

In ev'ry line, 'twas plain, to spy
The trembling hand and tearful eye.

It was an artless tale of sorrow ;
How she had lent a willing ear,
Long since, of Hubert's love to hear ;
How kind were all the words, that hung,
So false, upon his wily tongue :
And how she oft had said, 'twas shame,
That gallant youth should wed with her ;
And bade him woo some city dame,
While Ellen chang'd her humble name,
For that of some poor cottager.
And how would Hubert gently smile,
And, gazing, on her face, the while,
Swear, that the fates would ill betide,
If Ellen were not Hubert's bride.

And how, at last, with fair disguise,
And plighted vows, and tears, and sighs,

He robb'd her of her dearest fame ;
And how poor Ellen's op'ning eyes
First shed the bitter drops of morrow.

How chang'd was ev'ry scene !
The purling brook, she lov'd to hear,
Though soft it murmur'd, pain'd her ear.
The matin lark, whose lofty measure
Could turn her morning toil to pleasure ;
Though still his notes were loud and high,
Call'd the big tear to Ellen's eye.
All wither'd seem'd those hawthorn bow'rs,
Where she had pass'd her happiest hours ;
Tho' ne'er more lovely shone their flow'rs,
Mid leaves of livelier green.

And how, full oft, at rustling brake,
Her cheek would flush, her limbs would shake ;
And how, when Carlo brush'd her by,
She started wild, yet knew not why ;

And, when he frisk'd, in gambol gay,
How tears, unwonted, found their way.

And then she bade her last farewell;
Saying, her feet no more could dwell,
Where ev'ry scene did sadly tell
Of former joys, of present wo,
How happy once, how wretched now
Was Ellen's hopeless doom.

Still could she bear the world's rebuke,
Her own remorse, and woman's scorn;
Nay, all but Mary's piteous look.
That look of grief, when once 'twas known,
Her child was lost, her name was gone,
Poor Ellen's thread of life would sever.
Far better, when her babe was born,
To seek some lowly tomb,
And hide her, from the world, forever.

And thus her last request she made ;
" Mother ! this purse thy hands convey'd,
To Ellen, in her childish years ;
'Tis now, beneath thy pillow, laid,
Wet, with thy daughter's bitter tears ;
Mother ! if thine with mine can blend,
Shed here thy deepest drops of sorrow ;
And dream thy daughter's days did end,
Ere op'd her eyes, to weep for morrow."

" This em'rald ring to Hubert bear,
Tell him, for me, the pledge to wear.
Tell him, MY LOVE AND CONSTANCY
WITH LIFE, SHALL E'ER ABIDE ;
For these were Hubert's words to me,
One summer's eventide."

" Fair was that eve, like Ellen's heart,
And ev'ry bird did sing,

When Hubert, near the little brook,
Bestow'd this em'rald ring."

"Tell him, for cold neglect and long,
Though Ellen's tears do steal,
Her heart ne'er chides him, for the wrong;
Nor has that heart a wish, so strong,
As that, for Hubert's weal."

"Tell him, if, on the scroll of Heaven,
A crime be found, recorded there,
The hapless Ellen's ruin'd fame,
Against the wretched Hubert's name;
Kind Heav'n will grant, her tears may fall,
And wash that record, from the scroll;
And, in its place, shall stand, as fair,
The little Ellen's constant pray'r,
That Hubert's crime may be forgiven"....

Fast then did Edwy's sorrow part,
Fast did the tear-drops flow;
For shame, at Hubert's cruel heart,
For grief, at Ellen's wo.

In vain, those tears of sorrow flow'd,
In vain, were all my words bestow'd;
And, all in vain, I strove to raise
Old Mary's hopes, of happier days,
When Ellen's self should sooth her woes.
Still ev'ry look was deep dismay,
No word, in answer, e'er she said;
With downward brow, she wav'd her head;
And ev'ry flood of tears, that rose,
Wash'd, from her heart, those hopes away.
As rising billow washes o'er
Frail marks, upon the sandy shore.

At length, she said, all hopes were gone,
Her cup was full, her race was run;

And well she knew, their sins forgiven,
She soon should meet her child, in Heaven :
For heart, so kind, and love, so strong,
Could ne'er endure such fortune long.

To Hubert, then she bade me bring
Ellen's forgiveness, and the ring ;
And say, of all those years of wo,
That hapless Hubert soon must know,
Old Mary wish'd no more,
Of all those days of bitter gall,
To wretched Hubert's lot might fall ;
Than, when his youth had wan'd away,
And blood grew chill, and locks were grey,
One still, reflecting hour....

And, when I left the little cot,
With kindest words my heart could feel,
Of tidings soon, and Ellen's weal ;
It seem'd, as if she heard me not :

And, when my hand the latch did raise,
Her eyes were fix'd, upon the blaze....

My tears fast were flowing,
The chill blast was blowing,
'Twas midnight, and lone was the way, o'er the moor;
Though dreary and cheerless,
My bosom was fearless,
And strong were my steps, as I turn'd, from the door.
The woes of poor Ellen
My heart high were swelling;
That heart, 'gainst the spoiler, beat, heavy and strong;
Those lips, that had bless'd him,
Those hands, that caress'd him,
Implor'd Heaven's vengeance, to wait on the wrong.

Yet, when I thought, how oft his brow,
Of late, was clouded o'er, with wo;
And when the cause was now so clear,
Of sudden start, and frequent tear,

And late carouse, and goblet high,
And all unwonted revelry ;
Some hope rose feebly o'er my mind :
No youth was e'er as Hubert kind ;
His smile was fair, his heart was free,
In deeds of gentlest charity.
And sure, for Ellen, it must feel,
Though black with crimes, and cas'd in steel.
But much I fear'd, he ne'er, for pride,
Would seek poor Ellen, for his bride.

Yet firm was Edwy's purpose then,
That ne'er his limbs should rest agen,
Though his old knees might need delay,
Though cold the blast, and long the way ;
Until, to Hubert, he should bring
The words of Ellen, and the ring.
And, if the wretch should recreant prove,
Alike to honour and to love ;
Then Edwy's bitter curse should flow.

On Hubert's head forever;
And, o'er the world, his steps should go,
Till wand'ring Ellen, safe from harms,
Found rest, in aged Edwy's arms:
Nor pause, till then, his feet should know,
Till life's frail thread should sever.

Then Edwy's store would well supply
The days, of Ellen's destiny;
For I had grown, in service, grey,
And wasted ne'er my gains away.....

The day did dawn, yet, on mine ear,
As homeward now approaching near,
Came the loud shout and laughter high,
With mingled sounds of revelry.

And, when my foot-steps reach'd the hall,
'Twas rude carouse, and riot all.

Round went the song and jovial glee,
And Hubert's voice rang merrily.

His mirth swell'd high my heart, the more;
In scorn, I gaz'd his features o'er;
And soon I mark'd his kindling eye,
That met my look, in fierce reply.
For oft, of late, my hints did fall,
'Gainst nights of endless revelry.

In wrath, upon my face, he gaz'd;
His wine-sick brain could poorly brook
My bended brow, and clouded look.
And, when I wav'd my locks of grey,
His burning anger forc'd its way;
A goblet, from the board, he rais'd,
He hurl'd the cup, it scath'd my brow,
And big, red drops began to flow.
Then riot rose, and all the throng
Rang loud applause, in laughter long.

But Hubert's face was clouded o'er;
For, still, regardless of the blow,
With look unchang'd, such glance I bore,
As Edwy never gave before.
And Hubert well might feel amaze,
For bold and scorching was my gaze.

Down my grey hairs, the red stream ran,
While slowly thus, my words began;
"Hubert! these hairs resent the wrong!
Thine aim was true, thine arm is strong;
So, Hubert, once were mine:
Where this old scar marks o'er my brow,
From which, once more the stream does flow,
I bore, for thee, a ruffian's blow;
This arm then laid the victim low,
And sav'd that life of thine!"

Full, in his eye, the tear-drop came,
He gnaw'd his lip, for rage and shame....

Wand'rer, when youthful blood ran high,
When toys and trifles were thy cares,
Didst e'er, in boyish revelry,
Scoff, at an old man's silver hairs?
If so, perhaps thy heart has born
That old man's silent look of scorn.
Then well thou know'st, why slept that hall,
Where late 'twas noise and riot all;
For, slowly round, such glance I bore,
As added words had made more poor....

Soon went the crowd; and, slowly then,
I thus resum'd my words agen;
"Hubert! 'tis true, in other years,
For such ungen'rous deed,
Old Edwy's eyes would fill with tears,
For grief, his heart would bleed"....

His trembling lips could naught reply,
And tears o'erflow'd his downward eye,

For, scarce had gone the noisy crowd,
Ere fast he wept and sobb'd aloud.....

"Hubert! preserve those tears, that flow,
And shed them, for another's wo!
If, in thy breast, remorse, for wrong,
Can plunge its deadly sting;
If e'er thy heart of steel can bleed,
For blackest crime, for foulest deed;
Weep, for the woes of her, to whom
Thou gav'st this em'rald ring!"

Wild then and sudden was his start;
Soon, from his lips, the blood did part.
And strangely now he fix'd his gaze,
Upon the little em'rald's blaze.
And still, his fading sight did glare;
His eye seem'd still directed there,
Nor more than seem'd; now reel'd his head,
His senses fail'd, his vigour fled.

Then flush'd my face, my fears grew strong,
For flick'ring life had linger'd long;
And long I chaf'd his palms and brows,
Ere, to his cheek, the life-blood rose.

At length, there came a piteous sigh;
And, when the little em'rald's light
Glanc'd, on his slowly lifting eye,
He strangely shudder'd, at the sight.

And, when I deem'd his strength would bear
To hear the tale, I told him all;
And mark'd the bitter tear-drops fall.
And, ere of half, my lips could say,
They rested oft, in short delay;
For oft his cheek grew deadly pale,
And oft his senses 'gan to fail.

But, when I said, "for all the wrong,
She chides thee not; her constant pray'r

Shall stand, upon the scroll of Heaven,
That Hubert's crime may be forgiven ;"
Both palms his wretched face did hide,
While, with short sobs, he feebly cried,
"Oh ! spare me, cruel Edwy, spare !"

"No, Hubert !" Edwy then replied,
"Still heavier be thy sorrow laden !
Still flow thy tears, in bitter tide !
Thou didst not spare an hapless maiden !
Though heavy now thy heart may seem,
Yet light shall be that heart tomorrow ;
Not far is now that bright'ning beam,
Whose smile shall chase away thy sorrow.
Oh, Hubert ! can thy heart be gay,
While Ellen's tears flow fast, forever ?"
With quiv'ring lip, he quick did say,
"No ! good old Edwy, never ! never !
Her wrongs shall be my daily theme ;
Her woes shall be my nightly dream ;

No smile, upon this brow, shall beam;
No joy, within this heart, shall gleam;
No garb I'll wear, but weeds of wo;
No rest my wand'ring feet shall know;
In ev'ry draught, my tears shall show'r,
And mingle, with the spring;
Till Ellen's hand, in bridal hour,
Receive this em'rald ring!"....

Soft were my hours of short repose;
I dream'd, that poor, old Mary's woes
And hapless Ellen's griefs were o'er,
And Hubert was a wretch no more....

Now, from my couch, in haste I rose,
That Mary's heart might joy, to know
The tidings fair of Hubert's vow.
And, ne'er with half the speed, before,
Old Edwy reach'd the cottage door.

Lightly my footsteps enter'd there,
While, on my brow, smil'd tidings fair.
Upon her bed, old Mary laid ;
Her hands were clasp'd, as if she pray'd.
But soon I mark'd, though piercing cold,
No blaze the cottage hearth did hold ;
And Carlo, couch'd, beside the bed,
With piteous whine, and lifted head.

One eager glance assur'd me now,
Her wither'd chin had sunken low.
And, in her eye, half op'd, half clos'd,
The silent look of death repos'd.
Her last sad tear had ceas'd to flow,
And, frozen, on her cheek, did stand.
And, when I lightly pass'd my hand,
With trembling haste, upon her brow,
My fingers seem'd on mountain snow !....

Wanderer, have you ever seen,
Half hidden, in the lowland green,
The bashful lily of the vale;
One single bell, upon a stem?
Whose fragrance, floated on the gale,
Whose lustre brighter grew,
When closer to the flow'r you came,
And gaz'd, with nearer view?
And, when you rais'd its little head,
More fragrance and new lustre shed;
And, when releas'd, resum'd again
Its humble air and modest mien?

And have you torn away the flow'r,
The plaything of an idle hour,
And thrown it lightly by?
And did you e'er, at parting, view
The stock, on which the lily grew,
And mark, how soon the feeble stem,

Dishonour'd of its only gem,
Would droop, and pine, and die ?

Thus lovely once did Ellen seem,
When first, beside the little stream,
Hubert her artless charms survey'd,
As there, at eventide, she stray'd.

Thus, on her cheek, the deep'ning hue,
More closely seen, more lovely grew ;
And thus her modest head she hung,
When love was first, on Hubert's tongue.
And thus he stole away the flow'r,
The plaything of an idle hour,
And threw it lightly by ;
And thus old Mary's heart, despoil'd,
Robb'd of her dear, her only child,
Did droop, and pine, and die....

Soon turn'd away my footsteps then,
And never pass'd the vale agen.
But, when I left the lonely cot,
Old Carlo seem'd to heed me not;
Still fix'd, he gaz'd, upon the bed,
With piteous whine, and lifted head:
Nor could I force him, from the spot.

But, as I pass'd a cottier's cell,
And stopp'd, of Mary's death to tell;
I then, for faithful Carlo, there
Besought an aged herdsman's care,
Who said, he knew the lurcher well....

Long were the tale, of Hubert's woes,
And constant toil, and short repose,
And frequent tear, and bitter sigh;
And fading cheek, and fever'd eye,

And wild resolve, before a word
Of hapless Ellen's fate he heard.

As long the tale, as sad to hear,
Of wand'ring Ellen's constant tear,
And drooping head, and fainting heart,
And flick'ring life, that long'd to part;
And sharp rebuke, and woman's scorn,
Long, ere her happy babe was born;
Scarce to breathe the air of morrow,
Ere to leave a world of sorrow.

'Twere wrong, thy gentle heart should know,
Of all those hours of varied wo,
That long the friendless Ellen bore.
And shall my lips, unwilling, tell
What vice and misery did dwell,
Where my long search, at last, regain'd
All, that of Ellen still remain'd?
Kind stranger, let me pass it o'er....

But no, for now thine anxious eyes
Do speak unkind, unjust surmise....

And is thy luckless fortune blind,
To half the worth of womankind?
And canst thou, in ungen'rous part,
Think lightly of a woman's heart?

Such thoughts were mine, but long before
The frothy tide of youth was o'er.
And long, till manhood drew the veil,
'Gainst woman's heart, I lov'd to rail;
'Gainst woman's heart, I lov'd to hear
The jest unkind, and word severe.
For, oft it surely seem'd to me,
That woman's love and constancy
Were legend light, and fairy tale.

I thought, as, than a feather fair,
More light is filmy gossamer;

So woman's heart was lighter far,
Than lightest breath of summer air,
Which is so light, it scarce can bear
The filmiest thread of gossamer.

But if, 'gainst gentle woman, aught
Thou bear'st, in such ungen'rous thought,
Shame on a heart, that would disown
The fairest jewel, in its crown!
Oh! let such thought forever go!
Or never, never shalt thou know
Life's dearest drop of balm, that flows
To mingle, with thy worldly woes.

And, through thy mortal journey, long,
Thy loss shall pay thee, for the wrong.
Thy bitter youth shall never feel
That tear of soul-felt rapture steal,
While dearest thoughts thy heart beguile,
Of tender love and constancy;

Gazing on heav'nly woman's smile,
That lives and loves, alone for thee.

Thy stale noon day of life shall run,
Before another's youth is done:

On woman, if thou hadst bestow'd,
In youth, thy love, thy constant cares;
Lighter, by half, had been thy load,
Fewer, by half, had been thy tears.
Vain then will be thy hopes, to borrow
A constant heart, to sooth thy sorrow.

And, when thy wane is chill and drear,
And, when the verge of life is near;
No woman's love and constancy
Shall shed one bitter tear for thee;
No hand shall ask thy last caressing;
No child shall seek thy tender blessing....

If, 'gainst the heart of Ellen now,
Surmise does, in thy bosom, flow,
Oh, let one gen'rous tear-drop part,
And blot the scandal, from thy heart!

No varying griefs her love could change,
No weight of woes her heart estrange.

And, if thou marvell'st, how it fell,
That Ellen's feet e'er came to dwell,
In haunts of vice; then, stranger, know,
Perfidious man, in pity's guise,
Did basely lure her to the cell!
And, there detain'd, long vainly strove,
Poor Ellen's changeless heart to move,
With paltry gold and empty sighs.

For, when he found her, houseless, poor,
And begging alms, from door to door;
He said, 'twas shame, that one, so fair,

Such cruel part were doom'd to bear;
And, kindly ask'd, that she would tell,
Where chanc'd herself and friends to dwell.

And, when he knew no friends were near,
No father's shield, no brother's spear,
Whose lion-heart might not be long,
To right an injur'd sister's wrong;
His gallant soul, its purpose high,
Her cup of bitter gall to fill,
To make a wretch more wretched still,
Conceal'd, beneath a pitying sigh.
He said, he knew a gentle friend,
An aged dame, whose ample store,
And tender heart, and friendly door
Were always open to the poor.

And thus the practis'd wretch deceiv'd,
And artless Ellen all believ'd.

And thus he lur'd her to the cell,
Where vice and misery did dwell.

Long time he strove, with purpose vain,
O'er Ellen's constant heart to reign.
At length, the wretch, with naught to boast,
But time and labour, basely lost,
Turn'd from the chase, and gave it o'er;
And cast no thought of Ellen more.

Her weary woes, at last, o'ercame
Her tender heart, and feeble frame;
And, in her wildly staring eye,
Now rag'd the burning hectick high.
No gentle hand, no constant care
Turn'd Ellen's fever'd pillow there:
And, had not Heav'n directed then
My steps, to find her secret cell,
My feet had sought the wretch, in vain.
For Ellen ne'er I dream'd to see,

In haunts, like these; where sorrow's pow'r,
And cruel man's perfidious part
Can oft compel the wretched heart,
To short-liv'd vice and misery;
Till, to mine ear, a tale there came,
That, in these hideous haunts, did dwell
A wretch, who turn'd her haggard eye,
From man's, as from a tiger's low'r;
And oft, in her delirious hour,
Call'd wildly, upon Hubert's name,
And rav'd of love and constancy....

Oh! 'twas a piteous thing, to see
The little Ellen's misery.
For fever'd blood and constant care
Had strangely shorn her flowing hair.
That eye, whose glance could once reveal
Whate'er her gentle soul did feel,
That hazel eye did strangely glare,
And, in its socket, sunken low,

Now told of naught, but wild despair.
Care's anxious hand had stamp'd, e'en now,
Its checker'd signet, on her brow.
Her cheek, deep lin'd, by streaming woes,
Display'd, by fits, the fev'rish rose,
And pallid lily, sadly fair.
And, when the hectick strife was o'er,
Then, on her cheek, the rose no more
Strove, 'gainst the pale usurper's pow'r;
The lily sat, in triumph there.
Scarce aught remain'd, by which, to know
'Twas Ellen, but her tale of wo....

That hawthorn, which I oft have seen,
With flow'rs, so fair, and leaves, so green,
Long since has yielded to the storm,
And stands, like Ellen's blighted form.
Its pride, its fragrance, all have past
Away, before the wint'ry blast;
Its flow'r is lost, its leaf is shorn;

And, save its sharp and rugged thorn,
No sign is seen, no vestige there,
Of lovely hawthorn, once so fair....

Yet, still some fading lines were seen,
That told, what Ellen once had been.
For nature's stamp, so fair and strong,
Must stand the tide of sorrow long....

But, wand'rer, well thy wearied ear
May lag, an old man's tale to hear.
And, if the tale has been too long,
Forgive an old man's erring tongue;
Whose mem'ry loves to linger, o'er
The days of youth, the scenes of yore....

Now the mower's toil is ending,
Flocks and herds are homeward bending;
And, mark! beneath the mountain's brow,
The parting sun has sunken low....

The time of summer's day were small,
If thou wouldst hear, to tell thee all;
Of tender meeting, sadly fair;
Of Ellen's tear, of Hubert's pray'r;
And how, at first, poor Ellen sighed,
When Hubert sought her, for his bride.
She said, her heart had lost its pride,
Her soul must wend to Heaven.
And how, when Ellen came to know,
Of wretched Hubert's dreadful vow,
She wore the ring, in bridal hour,
And said, that all her griefs were o'er:
For, though she felt they soon must part,
Yet, now she knew, that Hubert's heart
Would surely be forgiven.

And how, of all, when tidings came,
To Hubert's sire; for rage and shame,
He fiercely turn'd him from his door:

For Hubert then had long withstood
His cruel sire's unbending mood;
And ne'er would give his heartless hand,
For wealthy lady's gear and land.

And how old Edwy ne'er before,
Mid all the joys of better years,
Knew such a dear, and heart-felt hour,
As, when his constant pray'rs and tears
Prevail'd, on Hubert's heart, to take
His ample store, for Ellen's sake.

And how, at length, no more to bide,
Where cruel sire and heartless friend
Did rudely scoff, and fiercely chide;
Old Edwy cross'd the ocean billow,
With Hubert and his drooping bride.
And how, when Ellen's toils were ending,
When life and death were gently blending,

Poor Hubert's sleepless eye did bend,
For days and nights, o'er Ellen's pillow....

When Ellen's soul had gone to Heaven,
Her mortal frame, by Hubert's care,
Was laid, beneath the willow there.
And oft he sought the spot, at even,
And scatter'd wild flow'rs, o'er the tomb.

Strange seem'd his brow, his grief was dumb.
He rais'd no sigh, no tear he shed,
Nor word of Ellen e'er he said;
But silent thus, for hours, would stay,
Gazing, upon the tablet grey.

It was a month or more,
After the hapless Ellen died,
When first poor Hubert's change I spied,
And knew, that all was o'er.

Hubert was then mine only care;
And, oft I strove to sooth his mind,
Aiding his daily search, to find
The wild wood-rose and lily fair.

One eve, as Hubert thus did stray,
I mark'd his look more earnest grew:
At length, with eager haste, he flew,
And pluck'd a little hare-bell, blue;
And, strangely smiling, toss'd away
The wild wood-rose, and lily gay.
And cried, while reaching out the flow'r,
"Edwy, it is my wedding day;
This pledge of love, good Edwy, bear,
And say, to Ellen, she must wear
This em'rald ring, in bridal hour."

And, while my heart with sorrow bled,
I turn'd to hide my grief, and said,
"Sure, dearest Hubert, thou dost know,

That pass'd is Ellen's bridal hour!
And, sure thou know'st, this little thing,
Which thou dost call an em'rald ring,
Is nothing but an hare-bell flow'r!"

Then first his tears began to flow;
Wild was the piteous look he gave;
And, as he slowly turn'd to go,
He mutter'd, "'tis a cruel thing,
That Edwy will not bear the ring:
Ellen will chide my long delay."

And, when, as reas'ning words were vain,
I said, to sooth his fever'd brain,
"Stay, dearest Hubert, weep not so;
Edwy will bear that ring, for thee!"
He turn'd, and gaz'd me wildly o'er,
As one he ne'er had seen before;
And cried, "who art thou? art thou he,
Who made the little Ellen's grave?

And wilt thou make a grave, for me?"
And then his features sadly smil'd;
And then they chang'd to laughter wild.
And, then, in haste, he turn'd away,
And sought the spot, where Ellen lay.
And, when the willow came in sight,
He turn'd, and whisper'd, in mine ear,
Some, words, so low, I could not hear:
Then, with slow tread, and footing light,
And lifted finger, creeping near,
Short while, his list'ning ear he laid,
Upon the tablet low;
Then, slowly rising, wav'd his head,
And tears began to flow.

Then couch'd, upon the tablet grey,
Till slumber chas'd his woes away,
As now, beneath the lonely willow,
He makes the simple stone his pillow....

Plainer now, thou hear'st the fountain,
Murm'ring brook, and tinkling bell;
Day has gone, beyond the mountain;
Eventide is in the dell....

Go, gentle wand'rer, go!
The task is o'er, the tale is told:
And, sure, thy heart will ne'er withhold
One pray'r, that Hubert's bitter tears
May blot the crime of former years;
One sigh, for Ellen's wo.

THE TRIAL OF THE HARP.

THE TRIAL OF THE HARP.

Now, blithe, the fairy circles glide,
In frolick dance, at eventide;
They screen their forms, from mortal eye,
In green and silver livery:
Green is the mead, on which they stray,
And silver is the moonbeam's ray.

Within the magick ring,
There stands a cave, whose thousand rays
The silver beam, in pride, displays;
Blending the crytal's gairish sheen,
With lively light of jasper green:

Its dome, with crystal, is array'd,
And jasper gems its colonnade :
There reigns th' Æolian king....

Slow rising, from the cavern'd hall,
First comes an aged seneschal.
His finger, on his lips, he lays,
The sign the fairy band obeys ;
They cease the dance, they form the ring,
And wait, expectant, for the king.

The monarch comes ; again, to all,
The sign the seneschal conveys,
His finger, on his lips, he lays ;
No fairy, from the ring, does stir,
But, on the knee, they lightly fall,
And wave their wands of gossamer.

The high command, on rapid wing,
Bears Zephyr, herald of the king,

To ev'ry breeze and ev'ry gale,
On mountain cliff, in lowland dale.
E'en to the winds, that gently sweep
The tiny stream, and curl the deep,
The herald bears the tidings high.
The East alone and all his train,
Unbidden to the court, remain.
Instant, the winds obedient fly;
Around their monarch's cave they stand,
And, silent, wait their king's command.

All own their lord, from noisy North,
Who leads his blasts, in riot, forth,
E'en to the breeze, that softly blows,
In love, upon the wild wood-rose.

All, but the whirlwind, at the word,
Speed, with liege haste, before their lord;
He bade th' Æolian herald, bring
His bold defiance, to the king....

Uprose the kings of winds ; the band
Of fairies rise, and round him stand.
No breeze dare move, whose breath could stir
Their little wands of gossamer.
Swift, at the word, an herald brings
The living lyre, of silver strings ;
And, in th' Æolian monarch's name,
He makes aloud the high proclaim.
" Come, all ye winds, who dare aspire,
To sweep the soft Æolian lyre !
In order rise, no humble meed
Is, to the victor wind, decreed ;
Be it or zephyr, breeze, or gale,
Whose skill shall, o'er the lyre, prevail !"

The herald ceas'd ; when, loud and strong,
The Northwind rush'd amid the throng ;
Unmarshall'd forth, he sprang, and siez'd the lyre :
With wild, tremendous hand, he pass'd,
Along the chords, in wint'ry blast.

So rude the touch, so rough the measure,
The fairies fled, and, from their hands,
In fear, they dropp'd their magick wands.
Confusion ran, through all the crowd,
And trembling zephyrs sighed aloud.
Yet was the noisy North so vain,
He fain would have the lyre again;
The lyre had rapt his soul, in pleasure.
The herald rose, and bade the North retire.
Again, obedient to the king,
The fairies form'd the magick ring....

Again the herald made proclaim;
The herald ceas'd....th' inconstant South uprose;
No zephyr, in his train, there came:
With conscious pride, he vaunted forth,
Pleas'd, at the failure of the North;
For North and South were old and deadly foes.

Amid the fairy throng,
With lofty step and strong,
He proudly swept along.

Wild and fantastick were the sounds he made.
Now madly bold, now trembling and afraid,
His fev'rish hand, with haste, display'd
The varying notes, from high to low :
And now, with rapid hand of fire,
He rudely twang'd the chords, and now
He softly crept, along the lyre.

Proud of his skill, he glanc'd around,
Upon the North, in high disdain,
Whose hand had tried the lyre, in vain :
And now his notes again grew strong ;
He sought, for higher fame.
But, when he found, from all the throng,
No murm'ring plaudit came ;

His hand grew light, he lower'd his tone,
And glanc'd, upon the monarch's throne :
The monarch frown'd.
Sudden, he lost his native fire,
And, quiv'ring, fault'ring, dropp'd the lyre;
And died away, for shame.

The herald now could scarce restrain
The North wind, from the lyre again.

Once more the herald made proclaim ;
And now a thousand clouds there came,
With hollow blast and tempest strong,
That pioneer'd the East along.
Soon rose the king of winds, in ire,
And bade the pioneers retire ;
And tell their lord, who dare resort,
Unbidden to th' Æolian court,
To keep his blast and tempest bound,
Whene'er the harp of winds should sound ;

Nor then permit his clouds to stray,
Athwart the moonbeam's silv'ry way.

Swift, at the word, away they pass'd,
Like April clouds, in Southern blast....

Thrice now the herald made proclaim,
Ere forth the modest West wind came:
Twelve zephyrs, in his train, did move,
Who breath'd the balmy breath of love.

At first, with single hand,
He softly swept the silver strings along;
And, when he found his hand was true,
He paus'd, upon the lyre.
While of the zephyr band
One, lightly, o'er the harp, his fingers threw;
His tiny fingers trembled, as they flew,
Unwont, alone, to raise a note, so strong.

He ceas'd; another came, and now again
Another; till no zephyr did remain,
Of all the little choir,
Who had not tried his quav'ring skill,
Upon the silver lyre:
Now sleeps the harp of winds, and all is still!....

Hark! it is the lyre again!
Rest thy breath, to catch the strain!
Now, in choir, the zephyr throng
Gently sweep the chords along!

Hark! they wake the trembling measure!
Now they warble notes of pleasure,
Glee and roundelay!
Now they raise their wild notes higher!
And now they swell the sounds, in fullest choir!
And now they die away!
Yet die, so gently, on thine ear,
That still the sounds thou seem'st to hear.

Again the harp is still ; and now
A smile is on the monarch's brow.
Cheer'd, by that smile, advances, to the lyre,
The West, alone, the zephyr train retire.
And now, along the silver strings,
His magick hand he lightly flings,
In measure, gently wild.
And now he lifts his anxious gaze ;
'Tis not to seek the monarch's praise ;
But much the timid West did fear,
He might displease the royal ear :
He saw the monarch smil'd....
His heart is firm, his hand is strong ;
He sweeps the silver strings along.

Entranc'd, the North, with ear profound,
Now holds his breath, to hear the sound.
Amid the skies,
The wild notes rise ;

And now, to earth, they slowly fall;
And now they murmur, 'neath the hollow ground.
As if the deep ton'd measures swell,
From wizard's cave, or druid's cell.
So distant now and small,
Thou scarce canst hear!
And now, so near,
Thou seem'st, thy very self, to raise the sound,
That strikes thine ear!
'Tis rapture all!

He wakes the silver lyre again;
Mild is the measure, soft the strain.
Lull'd to rest, by magick numbers,
Care is sooth'd, and sorrow slumbers.
The liquid sounds, in soft control,
Now gently bind the raptur'd soul;
Now, o'er this nether world, they rise,
And bear it softly, to the skies:

Till, with the measure, clear and even,
It seems to rest awhile, in Heaven!

Still is the lyre!
The West and all his zephyr train retire....
The herald smil'd, the monarch bow'd;
And plaudits ran, through all the crowd.
The noisy North acclaim'd aloud;
He fain again would hear the measure.
And ev'ry fairy, in the band,
Now wav'd aloft his little wand:
And ev'ry zephyr sighed, for pleasure.

The herald made his last proclaim:
No zephyr, breeze, or gale there came....

Now spake that herald high, whose stand
Was on the monarch's better hand;
And thus, aloud, decreed;

"Of all the winds, the Western gale,
Alone, does, o'er the lyre, prevail!
Then, let no other wind aspire,
To touch the soft Æolian lyre:
Such is the victor's meed!"

And now the monarch waves his hand;
The seneschal the sign conveys,
His finger, on his lips, he lays;
And ev'ry fairy, in the band,
Now doffs his plume, and bends his knee,
And, to the West wind, three times three,
Bows down his head, and waves his little wand.

The herald glanc'd, upon the king;
Again he wav'd his hand;
The fairies op'd their magick ring;
And, from the monarch's band,
Three pursuivants escorted forth
The West wind, and the South, and North:

And ev'ry zephyr, breeze, and gale
Sought mountain cliff, and lowland dale.

Now slowly, to the cavern'd hall,
Proceeds that aged seneschal;
The herald bears the silver lyre:
And last the monarch's steps retire.

Now, govern'd by their elfin king,
The fairies dance, in mystick ring;
Till morning lustre faintly gleams,
And mingles, with the silver beams.

They close their elfin monarch round.
He gives the sign, he stamps the ground;
And now they fly, a thousand ways,
In haste, to shun the morning rays;
Till ev'ry fairy finds his cell,
Within the lily's perfum'd bell.

BILLOWY WATER.

BILLOWY WATER.

ON THE BANKS OF A RIVER, AT MOON-LIGHT.

THESE lines appeared first, in Boston, in the Palladium. They were republished in London, shortly after, in the Courier, without any notice of their transatlantick origin. This remark is intended for those, who have known them, only as the lines in the Courier; or who have seen them, in some of our own newspapers, as "the production of an anonymous British Bard."

Bill'wy water, roll along!
While, far, I mark thy various way;
At first, from gentle fountains, sprung;
Through meadows, wont to stray.

Softly there thy smooth tide flows;
Where, lighted, by the moon's pale beam,
The margin wild-flow'r fondly bows,
To kiss thy silv'ry stream.

Wavy soon thy waters grow,
Nor longer softly, gently glide ;
And other tiny streamlets flow,
To swell thy bustling pride.

Now thou quitt'st thy native shoals,
Some deeper, bolder course to find.
A river, now thy current rolls,
And leaves the stream behind.

Onward, to the ocean wide,
It pours a torrent, loud and strong ;
And bears, resistless, on its tide,
Its grav'ly bed along.

There thy turbid wave is seen
To hold, afar, its muddy way ;
As if it scorn'd, with salt sea green,
To mix its waters grey.

So, the troubled *Arve pursues
His cloudy way, through limpid Rhone;
Nor dies it, with its sable hues,
But holds his course alone.

Still, afar, as eye can strain,
Thy waves are seen, in tempest tost;
Impetuous, rushing, midst the main,
Where all, in surge, is lost.

Bill'wy water, roll along!
While far I mark thy various way;
Thy murm'ring stream, thy torrent strong
Life's varying tide display.

First, its infant waters flow,
Through verdant dale, and flow'ry mead;
Where lilies of the valley blow,
And fairies softly tread.

Glassy now its bosom seems ;
But Av'rice, soon, and bubbling Pride
Pour in their tributary streams ;
And swell the little tide.

Swift the manly torrent pours,
In frothy billows, proudly tost,
And, 'midst life's troubled ocean, roars,
Till all, in noise, is lost.

* "BEFORE you enter the town of Sallenche, you must cross the Arve, which, at this season, is much larger than in winter, being swoln by the dissolving snows of the Alps.

"This river has its source at the parish of Argentiere, in the valley of Chamouni, is immediately augmented by torrents from the neighbouring Glaciers, and pours its chill turbid stream into the Rhone, soon after that river issues from the lake of Geneva.

"The contrast between these two rivers is very striking, the one being as pure and limpid as the other is foul and muddy.

"The Rhone seems to scorn the alliance, and keeps as long as possible unmingled with his dirty spouse.

"Two miles below the place of their junction, a difference and opposition between this ill-sorted couple is still observable : these, however, gradually abate by long habit, till at last, yielding to necessity, and those unrelenting laws which joined them together, they mix in perfect union, and flow in a common stream to the end of their course."

Moore's View of France, &c. Vol. I.

THE PLUNDERER'S GRAVE.

THE PLUNDERER'S GRAVE.

Snow hides the green mountain,
Beneath its white billow;
And chill'd is the fountain,
And leafless the willow:
The tempest, loud swelling,
Now drives along, dreary;
Before the storm, yelling,
The sea-mew flies, weary,
And, cow'ring, seeks shelter, from ocean's wild roar.
While billows are bounding,
O'er rude rocks, surrounding
The long sandy beach, and the craggy lee-shore.

Where now does the bark ride,
The wild water braving?
Where now, o'er the dark tide,
The gay streamer, waving?
And where now, so fearless,
The mariner, helming,
Mid clouds, dark and cheerless,
And ocean o'erwhelming?
Where now is the heart of that mariner brave?
That bark is dismasted!
That mariner blasted!
That streamer has drunken the wild water-wave?

O'er breakers, loud crashing,
The waves fiercely bound her;
While, rude billows, dashing,
In riot, roll, round her.
Go, helmsman, mid ocean,
Thine arm now must save thee!

Oh! kiss, with devotion,
The pledge, that she gave thee,
Who ne'er may behold thee, her sailor, again!
Think of her, who is dearest,
When danger is nearest,
Then plunge thy bold form, in the rough, rolling main!

Now tall waves dash, o'er him,
Ah! vainly contending;
Hope sinks fast, before him;
His struggles are ending.
Now, waves, gently growing,
Seem rising, to save him;
Now, o'er the beach, flowing,
More softly they lave him:
His motionless corse, on the lone shore, they lay.
Rude waves, loudly roaring,
Along the strand, pouring,
Now bear him again, o'er the wat'ry way!

Again rise the surges ;
Again they restore him :
Again the wave urges
Its refluence, o'er him !
Who, reckless of danger,
Now braves, mid the ocean ?
How wild looks the stranger !
How frantick his motion !
He rescues the corse, from the rough rolling wave !
The strand, for its pillow,
From out the salt billow,
He rescues the corse....but it is not to save !

There stands, dark and lonely,
The plunderer's dwelling ;
He seeks the strand, only
When sea-mews are yelling.
When, mid the storm howling,
No star is seen, beaming,

The wretch then is prowling;
The false fire is gleaming,
To lead the poor mariner, on to his doom!
When waves bear him, senseless,
He robs the defenceless,
And plunges the corse, in the billowy tomb!

The foul hearted demon,
The sailor despoiling,
Now rends, from the seaman,
The fruit of his toiling!
O'er wild ocean, braving,
Hard earn'd was the treasure,
Through tempest, loud raving;
Though toiling was pleasure,
For her, who was dear, to the mariner bold.
The fierce hand, unsparing,
Now rudely is tearing
The poor humble garb, from the corse, that is cold!

The pledge of devotion
Thine arm still is wearing!
That pledge, mid the ocean,
Gave heart, to thy daring.
When eyes, brightly beaming,
Have ever beset thee;
When false fears were dreaming,
Thy girl would forget thee;
It brighten'd thy love, and it solac'd thy fears:
For, the girl, who was dearest,
When danger was nearest,
There bound the fair pledge, and bedew'd it with tears.

The eye of the demon
Glares, horrid, in pleasure;
Poor, heart-sunken seaman!
He grasps, at thy treasure!
And shall he bereave thee?
Thy darling pledge sever?

And cruelly leave thee?

No, mariner, never!

The tall wave indignantly rolls to the shore!

The arm of the Thunderer

Seizes the plunderer!

Floods overwhelm him! he rises no more!

The refluent billow

Now leaves the beach, waveless;

The flood is the pillow

Of mariner, graveless.

But, mark the wave, stranding,

More boldly aspiring;

The mariner landing,

Then slowly retiring!

The plunderer comes not along, with the tide!

The shark is heard, dashing,

Amid the wave, splashing!

The froth of the billow, with crimson is died!

While chill blasts are blowing,
Who, o'er the corse, gazes ?
His garb, round it, throwing,
The sailor he raises.
From winds, cold and storming,
The stranger has born him ;
The blaze, kindly warming,
To life, shall return him :
The stranger shall aid him, the stranger defend.
His pulse now is flowing,
His bosom is glowing ;
He ne'er shall forget the poor mariner's friend....

The white winter-billow
Has left the green mountain ;
Now leaves dress the willow ;
Now ripples the fountain.
Where tempests were swelling,
Soft breezes are sweeping,

The sea-mew, late yelling,
Is, 'neath the rock, sleeping;
The sailor is far, from the rough rolling main.
The girl, that was dearest,
When danger was nearest,
Now holds, to her bosom, her sailor again!

THE TEAR-DROP.

THE TEAR-DROP.

TO HER, WHOM I LOVE.

I LOVE thee, dear girl, for those eyes, that speak pleasure,
Those sweet little ringlets, that artfully curl;
For lips, where I oft have drunk joy, without measure,
And cheeks, blushing roses, I love thee, my girl.

But, ah! when the sad tale of pity does move thee,
I love thee, indeed, for that deep bosom-sigh;
Yet most, for that sure pledge of nature, I love thee,
The tear-drop, that stands, in thy soft melting eye!

And, still, while I gaze, at its tremulous motion,
Or, down thy warm cheek, see it, stealing its way,
'Tis dearer to me, than the pearl of the ocean,
And clearer, than India's gem, is its ray.

Give the tear to my lips then! and love, thus requited,
No longer shall mourn, for the loss of the sigh;
For that was for Heaven, and seraphs, delighted,
Have born the dear tribute, in triumph, on high.

'Twere joy, though the last of my days were tomorrow,
To think you would come, to lament for my doom;
O'er my tablet, to shed such a tear-drop of sorrow;
To heave such a sigh, as you turn'd, from my tomb.

But, shortly, my love, shall our destinies sever,
And ne'er shalt thou weep, o'er my tablet, for me,
For, when I am cold, I shall rest me, forever,
Beyond the wild water, far distant, from thee.

Dearest, remember me, when the salt billow
Shall bear me away, o'er the rough rolling main ;
Then let such a tear-drop bedew thy soft pillow,
For him, who shall never behold thee again.

When they tell thee, his lips, that, in pleasure, were blended,
With thine, are clos'd motionless, under the sod ;
And, that life's ebbing breath, as it pass'd them, ascended,
In sighs, to his mistress, and pray'rs, to his God ;

Then say, that I lov'd thee, with warmest devotion,
And sigh, for my fortune, with sorrow sincere ;
And, while my fond spirit shall catch the emotion,
Oh ! shed such a tear-drop, for memory dear.

THE BILLOW.

THE BILLOW.

Go, little billow, rippling, go,
Adown the streamlet, gently flowing;
And roll thy way, along the bay,
Where, loud, the length'ning blasts are blowing.

And strive, to gain the mighty main,
Where, wild, the wat'ry war is raging;
And rear thy form, amid the storm,
Where, fierce, the waves and winds are waging.

Where fast, before the thunder's roar,
The mountain-wave is madly driven;
And bursts its ire, mid lightning's fire,
High, in the arch of angry Heaven.

There, tempest tost, the bark is lost,
The sailor toils, o'er ocean swelling;
And hope has fled, while, round his head,
The grey sea-mew is loudly yelling.

When parting life has ceas'd the strife,
Go, Heaven speed thee, rolling billow,
And bear him o'er, mid ocean's roar;
Thy bosom be the sailor's pillow.

And safely land, along the strand,
Where angry waves are vainly swelling;
His sorrows o'er, to seek, once more,
Far distant home, and humble dwelling.

Where now, beside the glassy pride,
Of Avon's smoothly flowing river,
Poor Mary's sighs, that often rise,
Mourn, for the sailor, lost forever.

Her tear-drops glide, with Avon's tide,
Fast falling, near the weeping willow;
Where Zephyr woo'd the tiny flood,
That bore thee, first, a little billow.

Boston Public Library
Central Library, Copley Square

Division of
Reference and Research Services

The Date Due Card in the pocket indicates the date on or before which this book should be returned to the Library.

Please do not remove cards from this pocket.

NOV 2 3 1931